

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE MAPS ARE CHANGING FAST

Spring Is Coming and Summer Is Not Far Behind

THE year of fate moves on, and the complicated chess-board of the world is a maze of riddles. The strangest riddle of all perhaps is that with nineteen-twentieths of the world longing for a quiet life, the odd twentieth can plunge mankind into grievous catastrophe.

Watchtower of Freedom

The solving of that riddle is one of the things that must come with peace; the one thing sure as the daffodils are peeping through this year is that the pieces of the chessboard are moving steadily in the right direction, that the positions are becoming clearer, and that nothing is hopeless, nothing leads us to despair.

He who sees far knows that the world is moving to a harmony that it has never known. It is a bewildering scene, and there will be much tribulation, but through the dark valley is the light at the end.

SPRING is coming with the glory in which Nature clothes our Island, and it will lift up our hearts to think that the bluebells and the tulips and the daffodils have found the Island standing where it did, the Watchtower of Freedom, the citadel of the spiritual heritage of mankind. When the roses bloom again a year will have passed since Hitler thought he had won the war and called in his jackal to pick up some of the pieces of the carcass. But the bubble has burst, the invincible Nazi is no more. In his place is the skeleton at the feast, and black shadows of pestilence and famine creeping about the wilderness. The map has changed indeed, but we do right to be thrilled by the way it changes.

What Shall He Do Now?

Safe in his impenetrable fastness at Berchtesgaden, Hitler must have many maps. What is he to do now? Where shall he strike next? Shall he march on to the East and challenge Russia, Turkey, Arabia, Syria? Shall he march on Palestine and overthrow the

Holy Land, setting up the swastika on the Mount of Olives? Shall he seize India in his stride, picking up the oil mines on the way to feed his shrinking stores, and join hands with Japan, ending the China War for her and perhaps throwing in the Australians—who are being an intolerable nuisance? Or shall he turn West instead and overrun this Island? Or shall he look about and put down these rebellions which are bringing down the New Order before it is set up? Or shall he fly to the Mediterranean and sink the British Fleet, or turn on Gibraltar and grind the Rock to powder? With so many miracles for his magic wand to work life must be hard for a conqueror.

Hitler and His Maps

There will be on his wall the map showing him as the lord of the world, with his finger on the coastline from the Arctic, past Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France as far as the borders of Spain, covering the English Channel and facing the broad Atlantic. There will be the map of the Balkans with Hungary under his heel, Rumania ready to be kicked to bits, Yugo-Slavia and Bulgaria not so certain to be kicked to bits, and Greece like a granite rock on which the small wheel of the Axis grinds itself to pieces.

THERE will be a map of Asia with the shadow of a great black paw for Russia, and the ancient Turks with their youth renewed, waiting, watching, ready and unafraid.

Skulking Ships and Running Troops

There will be a map of the Mediterranean with little pagan symbols for Nazi domination everywhere, with Mussolini's thousand miles of coastline and his brave ships capturing Egypt and controlling Suez; but will there be, we wonder, another map more true, with Egypt safe and sound, with the brave ships hiding, skulking, or submerged, with Fascist flags pulled down and Australian

caps put in their place, with the tragic procession of a hundred thousand starving prisoners, with Italy swept out of sight on her own sea and running hard in her own deserts?

There will be a map of Africa, but will it show, we wonder, Haile Selassie back among his people chasing the Italian troops, Eritrea passing from Italian hands, the South Africans marching from Kenya, and the great French, Belgian, and British highway open to freedom from coast to coast?

THERE will be a map of Spain, which was long ago to have been fighting on the Nazi side, though this conqueror of the world forgot that a country with a sterile interior and a very long coastline must have sea power on its side.

At the Moat

And there will be a map, we may be sure, of a speck of an island so often lost in the mists of the North Sea. This is all he must conquer now, and yet this lord of Europe cannot sleep at nights because the Island troubles him.

A stupid and old-fashioned place it is, muddling along, blocking the path of the young nations of the earth, yet its ghosts haunt him by night and its planes by day. It breaks his dreams and plants new hope in every country underneath his heel. It smashes his power at its source, blows up his oil stores, explodes his munitions, paralyses his railways, shatters his power stations, breaks up his aerodromes; and for every little child he kills in England it drops a bomb on his war factories.

He has twice as many men as the Island. He had masses of arms when the Island had none. He came up to its moat with millions of men and thousands of tanks and mechanised powers such as the world had never seen, and at the moat he stands, his last foe in front of him, his wilderness behind him, his ears filled with the murmuring of a starving multitude, risings and rebellions, remembering perhaps that Napoleon stood there.

Behind the White Cliffs

Then this small Island was alone, yet Napoleon did not cross the moat. Now she is not alone. With her is the greatest empire Liberty ever made and the greatest republic existing under the sun, and behind the Island's white chalk cliffs are

Continued on page 2

TWO CITIZENS OF PORTSMOUTH

THIS story reaches us from Portsmouth. When the town was bombed, two small boys, whom we will call Arthur and Harry, had their homes destroyed. They were 11 and 10 years old.

They discussed what they should do, and decided to help people whose houses had been destroyed or damaged. They helped them to carry their bags or parcels to a place of safety. If the people seemed poor they made no charge, but if they could pay the boys asked for twopence, and made quite a good sum, buying buns and doughnuts which they took to homeless people in shelters.

They may never have heard that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but they have learned it for themselves.

The New Chief Scout



Lord Somers, successor to B-P as Chief Scout of Great Britain, splicing a rope in a Scout camp

A Lost World's Waterfall

IN the farthest mountain range of Venezuela rises the Lost World of Auyan-tepui, from which an expedition led by Dr G. H. Tate, of the American Museum of Natural History, has returned to tell of its wonders.

On this isolated block of rock, 20 miles long and half as broad, no man lives or has ever lived, and from a gap in its 8000-foot cliffs comes down the highest waterfall in the world. The expedition measured its fall as at least 3500 feet, and probably 5000, and it is named the Angel waterfall from the name of its discoverer, Jimmy Angel.

The tale of its finding is as strange as anything in this strange lost world of Auyan-

tepui. An aged gold prospector had heard of gold deposits on this almost unscalable wilderness; and he at last persuaded Jimmy Angel, who piloted an aeroplane in Venezuela, to take him up to the roof of the mountain block. Both nearly lost their lives in a landing among the rocks, but the old prospector found his gold.

He insisted on loading the plane with rock, and the two men got back with the prize. The old prospector sold his gold-veined rock for £5000 in Panama, and shortly afterwards died; Jimmy Angel could never find the gold region again, but piloted the American expedition which found the waterfall.

50 Farms Taken From Their Owners

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS

THERE is to be no slackness in the contribution of the county of the broad acres to the feeding of the people. The War Agricultural Committee of the West Riding of Yorkshire have ordered 50 inefficient farmers to surrender their farms to others who will work them properly. In some cases farm labourers will receive them. No more is land to be left in the hands of the unprofitable servants.

These 50 men and their families have been given two months to quit. It is now the law that those who fail to cultivate their farms adequately shall be removed by their county committee, and it is to be hoped this

action by Yorkshire will be quickly followed by other counties.

We are sorry to read this bad news of Yorkshire, but on the whole our farmers are doing splendidly. In the first year of the war they beat all records for land under the plough, and are now hard at work to provide another 2,000,000 arable acres. Many counties are in fact exceeding their quotas, thus making provision for more home-grown food. Golf-courses are being used for grazing sheep in order that their usual pastures may be ploughed up. Every acre so used saves shipping employed in importing grain to this country, and is a contribution to victory.

The Wonderful Greeks

THE victorious Greeks have honoured the memory of their great leader General Metaxas by carrying on their victories as he planned them.

They go from strength to strength, capture position after position, and unless the Germans come to the aid of Mussolini the Greeks must drive the Italians out of Albania. Mussolini crucified Albanian independence on Good Friday; on this Good Friday the crucifixion of Mussolini's independence may

well have been accomplished by the Greeks or by his Axis master.

Twice in our century, in Germany's two great wars, the Greeks have found a famous leader worthy of their ancient spirit—in the last war Venizelos, in this Metaxas. It was Venizelos who saved Salonika for the Allies, and who (before his fall from greatness) healed the feud with Turkey; it was Metaxas who built up the power of victory which has raised Greece once more to a dazzling height of fame.

A SAVIOUR OF LIFE

There has passed on one to whom thousands owe their lives, Charles Thurstan Holland, a pioneer in X-rays. Born at Bridgwater in Somerset, he spent the greater part of his life in Liverpool, where his work as a radiologist won worldwide recognition. He discovered and perfected a remarkable method of detecting bullets buried in the flesh, devising during the last war a means of locating their precise position and depth, and so greatly simplifying their removal.

The Steel-Eaters

There is an interesting piece of news for this Steel Age. In the recesses of decaying steel Dr Raymond Hadley has found the microbes that eat it. Under a microscope magnifying 850 times they are revealed as coiled in loops or spirals, and growing on no other food but the metal. They do not appear to need oxygen; they can endure a temperature of 176 degrees and cannot be frozen out. Their favourite dwelling place is on the outside of iron pipes, and they destroy any such pipe in from seven to ten years.

Little News Reels

THE people of Fiji have given £100 to the Greek Government as a token of their admiration for the heroic stand made by Greek troops.

A friend of Florence Nightingale has celebrated her 99th birthday by extinguishing an incendiary bomb which fell on her house; she is Mrs Lillian Halle.

Gunboats built for traffic on Chinese rivers are being used in our Mediterranean fleet; they have a very shallow draught which enables them to skim over minefields, so that, manned by their indomitable crews, they pop up where Italians least expect them.

One of the pairs of binoculars given to the Government at Manchester had been recovered from a German warship scuttled in the last war.

Miss Agnes Skelly of Berwick has died leaving her treasure in a hat-box. No one noticed the old box, looking much the worse for wear, but when at last someone opened it he found £400 inside.

Small girl seeing a chimney-sweep: "Mummie, do come; I've seen a Blackout."

Boys at Buxton elementary schools have saved over £1000 out of their Saturday pennies since the war began.

The secretary and chief accountant of Barclays Bank have both held their posts for 46 years.

A seaman from Tunis, finding himself in Montreal with nothing but a £50 Bank of England note in his pocket, was unable to get a meal because by a war regulation the note could not be exchanged that day.

The repair of a telephone cable sometimes involves the joining up of 2800 wires with 5600 connections.

A Lincoln schoolboy of 15, Dennis Townhill, has been appointed organist and choirmaster at Glentham Parish Church.

Jezebel, a 15-inch bronze statuette which has long stood on the rafters of a smithy, has been purchased by Bolton Art Gallery.

The Red Cross has received 68 pence from Hitchin in Hertfordshire, the earnings of a man who killed 68 rats and received a penny each for the tails.

A widow who lost her husband in the last war walked into a post office at Glasgow not long ago and handed in ten £5 notes, saying they were for the Government.

Scout and Guide News Reel

LAST year 2842 requests for service were received and dealt with by the Sheffield Scout War Service Bureau.

Ronald Eke, an Essex Scout, who was pinned under tons of debris with both arms and legs crushed, gave information regarding the whereabouts of other victims before he died.

A hundred Toronto Scouts, chosen for their smartness, willingness, and efficiency, have been formed into a flying squad to help the Red Cross and other institutions.

GIRL GUIDES of Granton, Edinburgh, have taken over an old church hall, which they are running as a youth centre for 250 girls between 14 and 18.

The Guide Relief Fund has received six shillings, earned by herself, from a Guide who sent it in memory of the Chief Scout.

Arthur Mee

DID THE IRISH FIND AMERICA?

WHILE we are discovering friends in need in America, it is interesting to note that new discoveries of the continent itself have been announced. At North Salem in New Hampshire, some ancient stone ruins and earthworks have long been an unsolved mystery. They are now said by Mr W. B. Goodwin, archaeologist, to resemble closely the ground plan of an Irish monastery of the Dark Ages when Christianity

took root in Ireland and spread its branches to Britain.

The suggestion is that the monastery was built and inhabited by Irish missionaries who found their way there long before Eric the Red set sail for the West from Iceland. Support for the idea is to be found in the Icelandic Sagas of the 9th and 10th centuries, which speak of a White Man's Land, or Ireland the Great, far to the west of Ireland.

The Army's First Lady Doctor

DR AGNES BENNETT of New Zealand, who served in the Great War with the rank of captain in the Army Medical Corps, has come back to England to resume her military duties, and has been described as the first British woman Army doctor. But the Army, without knowing it, had a lady doctor for over 40 years before Dr Bennett was born.

This doctor entered the Army as a male hospital assistant in 1813 under the name of James Barry, passed through one medical rank after another, and finally became Inspector-General of all our military hospitals, being retired on half-pay in 1859 when

64 years old. Dying in 1865 in London, Dr James Barry was for the first time found to be a woman!

Never had her secret been suspected. Believed now to have been the daughter of a Scottish earl and to have disguised herself over a disappointment in love, she served at Malta and at the Cape of Good Hope, where she actually fought a duel with a colonel. A brilliant surgeon, a vegetarian, drinking only water and milk, she had a passion for weddings and christenings, but otherwise was masculine in all her habits, and a veritable dragon to subordinates neglecting their duties.

He First Heard an Immortal Poem

THOSE who think the Church needs new vigour will have no doubt about St Peter's at Rock Ferry.

We hear that the new vicar (Rev'd Harold White), finding the church on the verge of bankruptcy with £1500 bomb damage and a debt of £850, resolved that within two years he would have it free of debt. He is saving £600 a year by taking over the work of two curates and the vergers, and he opens and lights the church himself and lays the carpet for weddings. He conducted eight

services in one day at two churches.

Mr White is a Yorkshireman, so that we may hardly be surprised at his energy, and in the Great War he joined up and went to France, where he became secretary to Colonel John McCrae, who dictated to him the immortal poem, In Flanders Fields, the Poppies Blow. It must thrill him to remember that he was the first man to hear these noble words that have resounded round the world since they first appeared in Punch.

He Sailed With Shackleton

Who has not been stirred by the immortal story of the six men who rowed in Shackleton's boat for 800 miles to South Georgia across the open Atlantic Ocean, to save the rest of the party marooned on Elephant Island?

One of the six, John Vincent of Grimsby, has now died. When only 12 he ran away to sea. Torpedoed in the Mediterranean in the last war, he volunteered for minesweeping in this; but his greatest adventure was with Shackleton in the Antarctic, especially the long voyage in the open boat and the terrible march overland which followed it.

Russia and Her Old Craftsmen

We hear that Russia, like our own country, is carefully removing layers of paint from the walls of her old cathedrals and bringing to light wall-paintings by masters of the 15th century.

One by Andrei Rublev lay below six layers in Troitsky Cathedral. Peter the Great, who in his youth took refuge here in the Monastery of St Sergius, whose 50-foot walls still extend for almost a mile, would have gazed upon this picture. It may be that it inspired him with that religious devotion which formed so striking a contrast to the cruel and fierce strain in his character.

Every visitor to our Victoria and Albert Museum knows from the reproductions there how high was the standard of Russian craftsmanship in the 15th and 16th centuries, when Byzantine influence still survived, mingled with the art of Persia and other Eastern lands, and it is a good sign that the Russians are taking a pride in the great accomplishments of their forefathers. Nothing but good can come from this revival of the love of the beautiful which before the Russian Revolution gave to mankind such rich gifts in art, music, literature, and philosophy.

The Maps Are Changing Fast

Continued from page 1

4,000,000 armed men and 40,000,000 more who are armed with something more than steel, for in them is the spirit that will not die and cannot be thrown down. They cannot perish, for their strength is within them, and from without there come hour by hour, day by day, week by week, year by year, the powers that will sustain them in their island fastness.

Our ships may go down, but more ships will be built. Bombs may fall on our streets, but our people carry on. Poison gas may fall down from the sky, but even that degradation they will defy. They may not eat so much or sleep so much, but they will work harder and endure longer. From the Dominions overseas come food and arms and men. From America is coming all she has.

From every land where free men live comes the thrill of hope that enriches the spirit of

man in the hour of its adversity. If our danger is grave our powers are far-flung, our friends are worldwide, our patience is inexhaustible, and we shall not quail. Come the attacks from the three corners of the world and we shall shock them.

We stand on no volcano, as Nazism does. We hear no creaking in our empire, as the Axis does. We have no foul cause to fight for, as the tyrants have. Our powers rise every day while theirs go down. We seek to build while they destroy. We have to enthrone in the world the powers of truth and righteousness and justice and freedom, to give mankind a future happier and safer than its past has been, security to every land and peace to all the people in them; and we shall do it.

Let the Lord of the Wilderness look to his jackal and his slaves, for Spring will come and Summer is not far behind.

THE HOARD OF A RAT

The East Suffolk County Council, not content with the conventional rat week, is prolonging its campaign until the end of March, until when it will pay twopence a head for every rat killed in its area. Up to the beginning of February they had already paid rewards for over 200,000 rats.

The price seems heavy, but the damage caused by rats is almost incredible. Many records of the food hoarded by these noisome pests have been published, but we wonder if any more startling than the following.

Rats invaded a garden shed in Kent and made a burrow under rabbit-hutches kept there. The burrow, being opened by a spade, was found to contain a meaty hambone, a piece of cake weighing 12 ounces, a block of cheese equally heavy, innumerable scraps left from luxurious feeding, and a string of five fresh sausages, and a piece of bacon.

THE PILOT AT THE CANTEEN

Our men of the R.A.F. always have a good meal before starting out on any long-distance raid. Then they visit the canteen for something extra to take with them.

Smoking is too dangerous, but chewing-gum is not a bad substitute for a time. Raisins, biscuits, and chocolate are popular. Apples and oranges quench thirst. Barley sugar will serve as a standby. So they come back tired and hungry but not miserable.

FLOWERS FROM LORD WAKEFIELD

There will probably be no end to the stories we shall hear of Lord Wakefield. One we like is of the visit the Lord Mayor and a Sheriff of the City of London made to Canada in 1936, with their two wives. At every great station hotel they stayed at there were flowers in honour of the ladies, *put there by Lord Wakefield thousands of miles away*, with a kindly greeting from him to the travellers.

GALLOPING GERTIE

Galloping Gertie will gallop no more. It was the name given to the 2800-foot suspension bridge, third longest in the world, which spanned the Tacoma Narrows, south of Seattle. The citizens of Tacoma town gave it the nickname because it swayed so violently in the gales of the windswept territory that passage over it resembled a Channel crossing. A recent storm proved too much for it, and, though the suspension cables held, the roadway plunged into the straits.

Look to Your Light

THE Middlesbrough stipendiary magistrate, in fining an offender, has been telling of a captured German pilot who, being asked why the Nazis bomb offensive rural targets, replied that the German pilots are instructed to drop bombs wherever they see a light.

An unscreened light brings the quietest countryside into the danger zone or exposes a secluded suburb to destruction. One of our readers assures us that lighting restrictions are still flagrantly ignored in his district.

The fact is that, having, as they think, taken all necessary precautions from within, many

English As It Is Spoken

THE B.B.C. is undoubtedly doing much to standardise English speech, and it is matter both for approval and regret. Many will regret the loss of racy local speech, so full of refreshment for jaded ears.

A Lincolnshire schoolmaster, Mr F. W. Lockwood of Gainsborough, tells us how, at a meeting of parents and in response to a request, he agreed to cultivate in his pupils the use of standard English, his standard being defined as "a manner of speech which can be used in any part of the country without distracting the hearer's attention

from what the speaker is saying to how he is saying it."

Mr Lockwood confesses that he is not satisfied with this definition; and that is well, for we do not desire that all men should speak alike, or that we should not have cause to observe that there are many ways of saying the same thing. In any country it is probably well that a standard should be arrived at without deliberate cultivation. There is good cause, however, to stem vulgarities, wherever they may come from, especially some recent importations from across the Atlantic.

The practical point is that far-seeing parents realise that a broad accent is only too likely to hinder their children in making their way in the world. It is hard on a boy, as Mr Lockwood points out, if in an important interview he is handicapped by brogue.

Those who remember the old House of Commons will sigh with regret that in the time to come we may lose the delight of hearing pure Bible English spoken by such a true man of the North as Thomas Burt, whose high integrity matched his noble utterance.



Mother and Daughter

Queen Elizabeth and Princess Elizabeth—a charming portrait study by Studio Lisa

HE SAVED FORTY MEN

Lance-Bombardier Freeman, aged 19, watched the motor-boat nearing the shore. It carried forty skilled workmen who had been out to a special job. Suddenly the engine stopped, and the boat began to roll heavily; she was drifting near to a mooring cable, and if she touched it she would capsize.

Freeman pleaded with his officer to let him take a rope to them, and permission was given him. He plunged into the icy water, while his comrades paid out the rope. It took him twenty agonising minutes to reach the motor-boat, just as it began to sway perilously against the cable; but though he was half-frozen, his hands lacerated by his icy rope, all forty men were saved.

JIM BROWN'S SQUAD GOES MARCHING ON

Probably the youngest fire-bomb squad in the country has been formed at Northolt, Middlesex, with twelve 15-year-old boys who patrol the roads in four-hour shifts during Alerts, and occupy a wooden hut as sleeping headquarters. They have bought their steel helmets and other equipment out of their pocket-money. Their leader is Jim Brown, who has organised the movement on his own initiative.

GOLD

These are the Gold Reserves of various countries now:

United States	£4300,000,000
United Kingdom	£340,000,000
Germany	£6,000,000
Italy	£27,000,000
France	£95,000,000

The United States now owns by far the greater part of the world's gold. In a world where gold plays a great part in international affairs it is an astonishing fact.

A Good Seed Has Borne Fruit

Johannesburg has opened a library named after Winifred Holtby, the Yorkshire writer. It was in 1926, during a visit to South Africa, that Miss Holtby was dismayed to find there were no opportunities for Natives to learn from books, and she organised a movement called the Friends of Africa for providing books to enable Natives to educate themselves. It is good to know that her work was not in vain.

PROBLEM OF THE EMPTY HOUSE

The widespread extension of amateur fire-fighting parties has brought home a new problem.

Every threatened area embraces numbers of houses whose owners have gone away, leaving their furniture a ready prey of any incendiary bomb that may burn its way through the roof.

Fire parties have to guard these homes as well as their own, for a fire may start a general conflagration as well as serve as a beacon to light up a whole district for bombers.

To reach such a fire the volunteers must break into the house but they may find the water supply turned off, doors locked inside, and obstacles abounding.

Where is the Sugar Going?

DEAR EDITOR, In your issue of January 18 you have a paragraph headed Who is Eating the Children's Sugar? Perhaps the A.T.S. are (I don't know about them), but I do know that the brewers are.

It is time that the Ministry of Food gave raw carrots, potatoes, and oatmeal a rest and turned their efforts to something much more vital to the health and prosperity of the people. I well remember that during the last war the idea of estimating food values in terms of calories was first given prominence. Lists of foods so estimated appeared in various papers, and sugar

THE BANKS ARE SPLENDID

We have many times said that the Railways are splendid; it seems that we must now say that the Banks are splendid.

We have been reading that one branch of Barclays Bank was hit by a bomb and the books almost completely destroyed. That was on a Friday morning, and by noon the next day all the current accounts had been made straight, while on the Monday morning all customers' statements were ready for them.

At Coventry a bank was destroyed but the front part was left standing, and in a day and a half a wall 20 feet high was built to screen off the ruins, and in two days access was obtained to the strong room, the keys turned in the locks, and all securities and books were found to be safe. Half an hour later the cashiers were busily working at their desks again.

WILD LIFE IN SEARCH OF FOOD

The bitter weather on the Continent has driven unusual animals into the villages in search of food. Foxes, chamois, and hares in general are too timid or too prudent to seek the farmyards, but on one farm four royal eagles were seen pecking over the rubbish heap, as tame as poultry. Some villages have witnessed whole herds of boars passing through.

OLD TOM

Tom Ayling, of Hook's Way, somewhere in Sussex, has no need of ration books. A hedgehog rolled in clay and baked in his fire "beats any spring chicken for flavour," he says. Rabbits, of course, can be done in many ways. Young bracken shoots are as good as asparagus. Tea is good made of the dried leaves of wild mint. Sacks of dried coltsfoot leaves collected in spring make a fair substitute for tobacco.

And when you live like this, in a hut on the south side of the Downs, the wild creatures will come and share your meals—a great advantage if you are as lonely as Old Tom.

GATES OF GRATITUDE

Men of an army unit until recently stationed in an East Kent village have presented a pair of oak gates to be used at the church entrance as a token of their gratitude to the people of the parish. The gates, which are replicas of old ones, were made by a local craftsman, and were handed over by the staff of the unit before its departure.

Where is the Sugar Going?

invariably headed the lists as of supreme value.

It is food that matters most in these days, not drink. We can all slake our thirst with water, and tea, coffee, cocoa, and milk are available for everyone. Why, then, is sugar permitted to be destroyed in the breweries?

Anti-waste campaigns are in operation all over the country; what about this colossal and wicked waste—for it is far more and far worse than a merely careless waste? It not only destroys an essential food, but leaves an evil deposit behind.

Mrs E. H. Paul,
7 College Park East, Belfast.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



VENI, VIDI, VICI WILLKIE

ALL England misses Mr Wendell Willkie. He was one of the most delightful guests she has ever entertained. Wherever he went this inspiring American made a host of friends. From the highest to the lowest he came in touch with us, and liked us as we liked him. If he missed the American Presidency, it cannot have been for anything lacking in his character, for who could be more honest than he, more frank, more democratic, more good-neighbour-to-every-man?

We wish him as warm a welcome home as he is sure of here if he should come again on a visit to this country.

Veni, Vidi Willkie somebody called him, very neatly, playing on the saying of Julius Caesar—*Veni, Vidi, Vici*; and he might surely have added the Vici, for truly Mr Willkie should have it said of him that he came, he saw, he conquered.

Scandal Number One

THERE is still a grave shortage of coal in this land to which nature gave so much.

The C.N. has said before that the Government, for all its merits, is not so good as the people in these critical days, and we think it right to say that it is a scandal that any British families should be unable to get coal. We know no greater indictment of the efficiency of a democratic Government than that, having a small island packed with coal, it cannot get it delivered to the fireplaces of the people.

CHAIRS TO MEND?

WE should like Mr Willkie to have been in a much-harried suburb the other day.

Nazi planes were overhead, so were our fighters, and every now and again the guns were firing. Through the murk and uproar of the gloomy afternoon came a familiar cry, the staccato tenor notes of a veteran who has grown old on his round. Aerial warfare and winter weather could not stop him, and forth sounded his familiar cry, "Any chairs to mend?"

Boldly onwards, with worn tool-bag and split cane on his shoulder, strode this gallant old man, a typical Londoner, undismayed.

Hanging in a Canteen

FOR you who eat this simple meal,

The steaming pie of pork or veal, The coffee or the apple tart, Do, we beseech you, have a heart And see that when you leave today

You do not take the plate away. The wayfarer who daily sups Should not, we feel, remove the cups,

Nor, as he idly sits and talks, Should fill his pocket full of forks. It isn't you, of course—that's clear—

Who makes the cruet disappear; Not one of you, we know, would take

The knife with which he cuts the cake. But someone does, so please be kind,

And leave the cutlery behind!

HOW MUCH PAPER DO YOU WASTE?

THE C.N. has always been interested in rescuing our waste. It is quite a long time since we suggested that there was a great future for some enterprising young man who would collect the country's waste, take it to where it could be transformed into wealth, and enter the peerage as Lord Rummage. He would be one of the greatest benefactors of his country.

AND now—a member of our staff has been trying a little saving plan on his own account. He writes as much as any journalist in England, yet since the war began he has used hardly one new sheet of paper.

The regular renewals of stock from headquarters, which were merely automatic before the war, have altogether ceased. The rapid using up of heaps of notepaper and envelopes has been slowed down considerably by the use of odd sheets for letters and the saving of old envelopes by carefully opening them and using them again. It is hardly possible to avoid altogether the use of new stationery for correspondence, but as for copy paper (as journalists call the paper they write on), it can be said that the C.N. office has accomplished the miracle of doing without new supplies since the war began.

It is remarkable what can be done when you try. Actually we of the C.N., by using up the paper which would have been wasted in time of peace, have built up a stock which we believe will last us as long as the war goes on for ordinary writing purposes. We have far more than we need; the editor has drawers full, and in a reserve cupboard his stock is more than a foot high with all sorts of writing sheets.

Where has it come from? From waste. Much of it is made up of clean sheets torn from letters, or backs of letters written on one side only; it is astonishing how much clean paper your postbag brings you. If the envelope cannot be used again, the front of it makes an

excellent little sheet for writing on. Much more of our stock is from blank pages in annual reports, charity appeals, and so on; from two annual reports we obtained 14 fine sheets of writing paper and 40 little slips, such as we use in hundreds of making memos. Hundreds of pages have been rescued from books we took from our shelves to send to the paper mill; in every book there are blank pages at the ends, between the chapters, and so on; and many odd blank spaces which make good slips.

ALL this, of course, implies that there is much waste still going on in the use of paper, and it is true. We are constantly surprised by the quantity of paper we receive in cases where less than half of it would be enough. We fear that charitable institutions are great sinners with their appeals; and, of course, some shops are big wasters, sending out two or three copies of their advertisements to one house and getting up their circulars much too lavishly for these days.

But much of our treasure trove is from old sources—old books, old papers which can be disposed of, old letters which can be destroyed. You will find it everywhere if you look about, and will be surprised to discover that you can write your letters on it and save renewing your supply of notepaper. Never waste a piece of paper that can be written on; it is a very good motto; if you do not want it there are plenty of people who would be glad to have it, and you are saving space on our ships by saving it.

It is one of the simple ways in which everyone can help, and in the mass it helps enormously, for paper is bulky and is one of our chief necessities, as needful to civilisation as bread and butter.

JUST AN IDEA

We speak of the freedom of man, and man is free; he can hinder evolution or check progress. But he can no more stop it than he can stop Niagara.

Under the Editor's Table

THERE are many Russian troops bordering Germany. On edge.

BIRTHDAYS pass unnoticed during the war. We have no time to spare for the present.

THE war has brought a great increase in table cooking with an electric pan, says a writer. We haven't cooked ours yet.

WHO owns the bed of a river? asks a correspondent. Anxious to get to the bottom of things.

A MAN says he cannot sit through some films. He would spoil them if he did.

Peter Puck WantstoKnow



If Hitler's Iron Guards would make good scrap

MANY shop-assistants have joined the R.A.F. They are good at counter strokes.

IN wartime people live from day to day. What did they do from day to day in peacetime?

WHY do startled sheep always run uphill? Probably to see what's up.

THE easy-going man usually has a double chin. The aggressive one prefers to double his fist.

A FELLE tree was found to have a cannon ball in it. Helping the buds to shoot?

MACAULAY'S N A Centenarian Amon

MOST of us have heard of Macaulay's New Zealander sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

It has not come true, but how little can Macaulay have imagined that history would bring it nearly true? It is just a hundred years since Macaulay imagined his traveller from New Zealand; but indeed the imagination is not his, but was borrowed, as so many of Shakespeare's ideas were borrowed, from some other writer. It is always difficult to say where our ideas come from. We find them floating in our mind, tossed up from we know not where as we sit thinking, and every writer knows that he cannot always be sure whether the thing he writes down is his own or somebody else's.

But we can be almost certain that when Macaulay wrote of his New Zealander at the end of 1840 he must have known that such a traveller to a ruined London had been imagined before, for the idea is found in at least four places in our literature. It is interesting to try to trace it back to its beginning.

Before Macaulay

Macaulay himself was reviewing a History of the Popes, and, speaking of the ancient dignity of the Church of Rome, this is what he said:

She may well exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

But 21 years before that Shelley had been writing much the same thing in the introduction to his curious poem on Peter Bell the Third. He was writing a little oddly about the respectable families of the Fudges and the Bells, and playfully expressed the firm expectation that

When London shall be a habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand,

shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians.

A Gloomy Poem

But Shelley himself must surely have been reading Mr. Barbauld, who eight years before had written her last and longest poem, called by the name of the year in which she wrote it, Eighteen Hundred and Eleven. It is a gloomy poem written in one of our country's darkest hours, and it rouses the great wrath of Southey who wrote a stinging review of it in the Quarterly. We are usually told that the poem prophesied that a traveller from the Antipodes will contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge, but this is not so. Mrs. Barbauld imagines a wandering youth from almost anywhere climbing the broken stairs to some crumbling turret to view the wide horizon. And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey, Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way.

Not yet, however, are we at the beginning of this story, for we go back thirty years more and find a book published in London, in which is the idea of a traveller from America writing from the porch of ruined St. Paul's. The idea comes rather curiously here, in a volume of poems by an aristocratic ne'er-do-well, the second Lord Lyttelton. The poems were published in 1780, and this was their strange title:

Poems by a Young Nobleman of distinguished abilities lately deceased, particularly the State of England, and the once flourishing City of London, in a letter from an American traveller, dated from the

Lintotts, the W

ABOUT a hundred years ago Leonard Lintott, of Downland Farm, near Chiddingfold, thought the hazel-trees and ash-plants in one of his copses would make fine walking-sticks and umbrella-handles.

Chiddingfold is a delightful village on the borders of Surrey and Sussex, and Downland Farmhouse, still standing on its pleasant hillside, has been the home of the Lintotts for generations. But this family had always been farmers, never manufacturers.

Today thousands of walking-sticks, umbrella-handles, scout poles, and shepherds' crooks go out every year to all parts of the Empire, to North and South America, and wherever else it is possible to export British goods for dollars or pesos or other valuable foreign exchange, all handmade by the Lintott family and their 50 craftsmen.

These craftsmen are local men from Chiddingfold, Dunsfold, Plaistow, and other neighbouring villages, countrymen who know nothing of life in big cities, or of factory life amid smoke and gloom. The only factory life they know is in this group of warm red-brick barns and wooden sheds which has grown in a century from the wooden shed where Leonard Lintott first began his work.

They have spent their lives acquiring such skill as that of Jack Ayling, who has been with the firm for 52 years and hopes to equal the record of old Tom Mann, Lintott's engine-man, who was with the firm for nearly 70 years till he died not long ago.

Master and man work side by side at the same tasks at Lintott's. Three sons of Leonard Lintott, all well over 70, are directors of the company, and share every task at the bench.

W ZEALANDER

ne Ruins of London

Portico of St Paul's in the 199 to a Friend settled in the Metropolis of the Empire.

are now sixty years back Macaulay, but not yet at beginning. For the first expression of the idea must go back to Horace who on November 74, wrote predicting that day would come when the curious native of Lima visit London and give a of the ruins of Westminster and St Paul's."

are now back as far as go, and it would seem, ore, that Macaulay's New

Zealander was born as a native of Lima, that he was six years old when a London publisher made use of him, 37 when Mrs Barbauld took him up, 45 when Shelley adopted him, and 66 when Macaulay made him so famous.

He is now, therefore, 166 years old, and this is the centenary of his fame. It is interesting to see that the London publisher in 1780 fixed the ruin of St Paul's for the year 2199, so that we may live in hope that the Great Dome will continue to rise gloriously above the ruins at the present moment around it—which, like old St Paul's, will surely rise again.



The Great Dome continues to rise gloriously above the ruins around it

ing-Stick Men

their workers. So do the two senior directors, Mr. and Mr. Trussler, both married daughters of Leonard Lintott, and have in or near Downland all lives.

ns in the United States stipulate for "Downland when giving their orders the finest quality walking-sticks and this wood comes from acres of carefully-tended plantation on the original farm. They now have copses and plantations of small wood of all for miles around (hazel, chestnut, furze, oak, black-berry for their supplies. They all at a glance to the last what any plantation will do.

merica has always been an important buyer of sticks and handles from this firm, today the American orders requiring much badly-needed

dollar currency into London. The Argentine and other South American Republics are also wartime customers of the firm. Australia has always purchased big supplies of shepherds' crooks.

Before the war this firm had a big Continental trade, which is now dormant; but it still makes all the poles for the Boy Scouts.

Leonard Lintott the First died in 1902, and to see his sons vigorously working at the bench, cutting, straightening, testing, and polishing walking-sticks for half the world, and doing the job as well as any of the men they pay, is a heartening sight.

It proves, for one thing, that factory life can still be carried on in the quiet of the countryside, by men who live in cottages, keep their pigs and chickens, tend their gardens, and love their work and their villages, and have no longing for town pavements and films.

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Light, more Light, cried the dying Goethe in his last words. Light, more Light, is the need of this dark world. We reprint some of the chief sayings of the Bible concerning Light.

THE night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light. Romans

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness. Psalms

He will deliver his soul from going into the pit and his life shall see the light. Job

Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart. Psalms

Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light. Luke

The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. John

This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil. John

You are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of him who has called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. Peter

God is light and in him is no darkness at all. John's First Epistle

The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Proverbs

The commandment is a lamp, and the law is light. Proverbs

I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. John

Walk while you have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. John

Ye are all the children of light and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness. Thessalonians

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father, which is in heaven. Matthew

To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent

To one who has been long in city pent
Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven; to
breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue
firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with
heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some
pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languish-
ment?
Returning home at evening, with
an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel—an
eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's
bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has
glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's
tear
That falls through the clear ether
silently. Keats



CARRY ON

Hope Calling

UPON the dismal grey of winter's day
I paint the happy scenes of sunny May;
I change the old world, with its tortured face,
For one where lives a brighter, saner race.
I am the lamp that lights the trackless night
And turns despair and sorrow to delight:
I lift the burdens of a world oppress,
And change the homeless, hope-
less, to the blest.

Without me life becomes an end-
less gloom,
Where all mankind is marching
to its doom;
But I, with Courage, plodding on
together,
Make sunshine out of any kind
of weather.
I guard the exile at his dying
breath,
And leave a smile upon the face
of death,
And I, with Justice, will to man
restore
His freedom, rights, and happi-
ness once more. E. Oxburgh

She Waits Her Hour

STRETCHED on a rock rests the
genius of England. She
waits her hour, but counts not
the hours between.

Her virtue and her patience
have triumphed. The lamp of
her faith kindled on apostolic
altars burns as a beacon to man-
kind. Her example has regener-
ated the erring, her mildness
has rebuked the rebellious, and
her greatness has enchanted the
good. Victor Hugo

MASTER, GUIDE US

MASTER, enlighten us, so that
we see
Each talent as a trust derived from
Thee:
Our eager purpose, sanctified as
Thine,
Fashion and merge into Thy great
design.
Keep fervent in our hearts those
pure desires
And selfless ardours which Thy love
inspires:
So guide us by Thy grace that all
our days
We may seek first Thine honour and
Thy praise. Kathleen Foyle

The Everlasting Now

THE curtains of Yesterday drop
down, the curtains of To-
morrow roll up; but Yesterday
and Tomorrow both are. Pierce
through the Time element,
glance into the Eternal. Believe
what thou findest written in the
sanctuaries of Man's soul, even
as all thinkers in all ages have
devoutly read it there—that
Time and Space are not God, but
creations of God; that with God,
as it is a universal Here, so it is
an everlasting Now. Carlyle

The Glimmer of Day

JOHN BALL, be of good cheer,
for once more thou knowest,
as I know, that the Fellowship
of Men shall endure, however
many tribulations it may have
to wear through. Look you, a
while ago was the light bright
about us; but it was because
of the moon, and the night was
deep notwithstanding, and when
the moonlight waned and died
and there was but a little glimmer
in place of the bright light, yet
was the world glad, because all
things knew that the glimmer
was of day and not of night.
William Morris

WE WHO HAVE SEEN

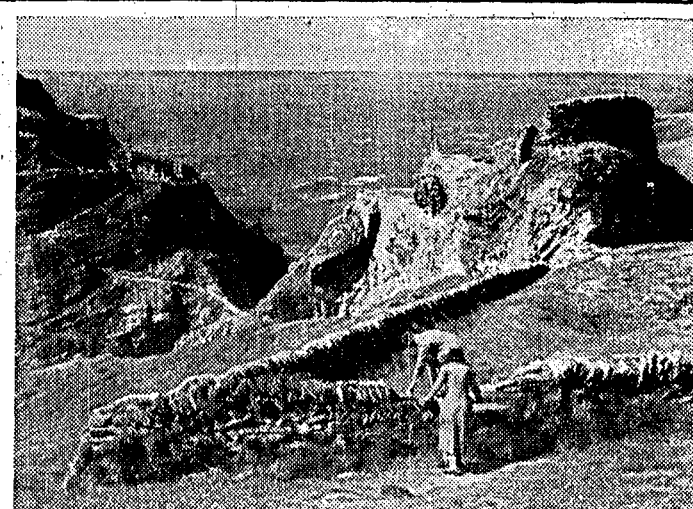
DEATH whining down from
heaven,
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound,
Doubting we charged and con-
quered,
Hopeless we struck and stood;
Now when the fight is ended
We know that it was good.

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled,
We that have known the heart-
blood
Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
We know man is divine.

W. N. Hodgson, soldier
of the Great War

Mr Gladstone's Motto

BE inspired with the belief that
life is a great and noble calling;
not a mean and grovelling thing that
we are to shuffle through as we can,
but an elevated and lofty destiny.



These famous ruins at Tintagel in Cornwall are known as King Arthur's Castle. The castle, however, was probably built in the late 12th century, whereas Arthur, the king who occupies so proud a place in literature, fell in combat in the year 542

The World Needs More Food

It is lamentable to see the British farmer's mind confused by so many conflicting counsels.

One day he is told that he must produce all he can. Another day he takes up his paper to see. It said that, after the war, we must maintain a big flow of imported food because, if we do not, our manufacturers will not be able to export goods to the countries overseas which send us our food!

This confusion of thought need not exist. If a British farmer produces more food he becomes a better buyer of manufactured articles. The substitution of a ton of home-grown corn for a ton of imported corn certainly does not hurt the manufacturer,

because the substitution means the displacement of a foreign buyer by a home buyer.

When that is clearly perceived, we see that it is the farmer's duty, as it is his hope, to produce as much as possible, and thus to become not only a happy producer but a good market for his friends the makers of cottons and woollens and furniture and all other sorts of goods.

Another very important point is that the world does not produce too much food, but too little. The feeding of the world's growing population calls for more food-growing, not less, and it is necessary for our farmers to perform their share of the improvement.



Sons of the Empire

Australian troops on the march in the Libyan Desert

The Thread of Human Kindness Does Not Break

BLITZKRIEG or no Blitzkrieg, the Fern Street Settlement at Bow Common goes on. Nothing stops the good work in this corner of East London.

We have been looking through the report that Miss Clara Grant has just sent out, and it is a thrilling little document. Nearly half their streets have houses down, the church in which Miss Grant has talked to mothers for years is in ruins, the little familiar things in these poor houses are flapping in the wind and rain, and the framed portrait of a father no longer in this world is looking down on the ruins of his house.

An old lady of 74 was shivering on the pavement waiting for somebody to fetch her, and somebody did fetch her, and she is now happy in Warwickshire.

How wonderful is this spirit that comes to help us all in time of trouble! We may think it just happens; but it just happens because the world is full of kind

people whose daily lives are the fulfilling of the Golden Rule. Will you send them something?

Queen Mary has sent a parcel and five pounds, and it is wonderful how far five pounds will go in Fern Street. We do not suppose there is anybody in the world who could do as much with it as Clara Grant. Even a farthing she is thankful for, and she has made more happiness with her Farthing Bundles than many a man has got out of his millions.

The settlement lives up to its mottoes. Here is one of them:

Stay put. Sit tight.
Keep cool. Keep bright.

Somebody wrote to Miss Grant the other day, "Are you still there?" Of course she is there. We doubt if she could breathe away from Fern Street.

Send her something, to Fern Street Settlement, Bow Common, London, E3. She will plant a seed with it that will grow happiness like mushrooms.

Shropshire Delight

FOR the average Englishman, especially if he be a Shropshire man, Arthur Mee's Shropshire will be found endowed with a peculiar charm, for it revives memories of men and places known down the ages.

Every county in England can produce a long list of names of men famous in art, literature, trade and commerce, and in war by land and sea; but it is doubtful if any other can present one of greater length

and made up of more diverse constituents. Something about each of these is told, with details of famous old castles and churches and cathedrals, and apparently every place in Shropshire that boasts a name is touched upon in a manner which carries an appeal to the reader, be he English or Australian born. The King's England Shropshire is a source of perpetual pleasure to its possessor.

The Ballarat Courier

WHAT ABOUT WAR?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. May I ask you whether war is good or bad for us? Killing seems so terrible to me, yet many people seem enthusiastic about fighting.

Man. You ask a very serious question, and it deserves to be treated with respect. The general answer is that while, as Shakespeare said, it is true that

*The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them
is just,*

it is also true, as was said by another poet, Byron:

*Oh men! what are ye, and our
best designs?*

*That we must work by crime to
punish crime?*

Crime to punish crime! I well said, but the crime of war goes beyond the people it is sought to punish. If a murderer is hanged, the State punishes the man who committed a crime. In war we go farther. War punishes a whole nation, so that thousands or even millions of innocent people perish.

Boy. But a murderer is tried by a judge and jury. Why cannot evil rulers or governments be tried by an impartial court?

Man. Because no effective international court of justice yet exists. Many of us hope that some day such a court will be set up by general consent; it has already been partially accomplished.

Boy. There are just wars as well as unjust?

Man. That is so; when there is no other way, and all just means of settling a dispute have been exhausted, there is nothing left if the freedom of the world is at stake.

Boy. I have heard it said that war improves our race, by calling out fortitude and heroism.

Man. It cannot be true that setting men to slay improves them or evokes splendid qualities. On the contrary, killing makes men callous. A man does not become a better husband or father or worker because he has fought in a war. The average man shrinks even from the sight of blood; when he no longer shrinks from it he has become hardened in fibre and less humane. A long war kills off the flower of a nation and reduces its total capacity for good work. Consider nations that were long at war in the past. Portugal, a small country, won a great empire by war, but reduced itself to weakness and has never recovered. In France the long wars reduced the average height of the French population. War sacrifices the finest men, picked from the multitude.

Boy. So the idea that war is healthy is not true?

Man. No, it has been repudiated by all honest thinkers.

Boy. Then what are we to do about it?

Man. We must work for peace. We must not fear to be just. We must determine to set up a World Court of Justice to settle all disputes between nations. We must gain a true valuation of human life and scorn to waste it. Once we are free again, and have made the world free, we must fight as hard for justice everywhere as we have fought for freedom—against its enemies.

CHEERFUL GIVERS

Since war began over 30,000 depositors in the Post Office Savings Bank have given the whole or part of their accounts to the State as a contribution to the nation. These contributions so far exceed £40,000. Other depositors have given up the interest on their accounts during the war.

MUSSOLINI'S BLACKSHIRTS Heroes Made of Putty

MUSSOLINI, the Frankenstein of Italy, is brought low by the monster he has made, and those who know the story of the Fascist Party and the ideas behind it will not be surprised. It has ruined its goodness by its badness.

Though for many years this political party has appeared so strong, the war has proved that its members are not the source of strength to Italy that Mussolini has led the world to believe. Now that the great test has come they have failed the country and revealed to the Italian people, whom they have cowed so long, how false have been their claims to supreme power.

The Call For Help

Their latest act of folly is the linking of Italy's fate with that of Germany, a country which has never been loved by the Italians. Having failed in every field, Mussolini and his Fascists have now called on Germany to save them, though Germany will not be able to save herself.

Perhaps the weakness and corruption of the Fascist regime is best shown in its relation to the Army, a conscript national army in which all Italians must enrol—unless they are members of the Fascist Militia.

With the grand title of Voluntary Militia for National Security, this force is organised from Mussolini's own headquarters into legions and cohorts on the model of Ancient Rome, and is popularly known as the Blackshirt Army from the colour of the uniform. Mussolini as War Minister controls both his Blackshirts and the regular army. At the close of the Abyssinian War Mussolini was so proud that he created himself First Marshal of the Empire.

Now this Blackshirt Militia has never really changed its character as a party force, its officers of all ranks being chosen for their party services and not for any military ability. Yet Mussolini has raised these pasteboard soldiers to the same status as the regulars, and so aroused considerable bitterness in the hearts of the real soldiers, who

do not belong to the Fascist cliques.

How foolish has been this policy was revealed as long ago as the Abyssinian War, when the Fascist Marshal De Bono was so incompetent that he had to be replaced by a real soldier, Marshal Badoglio, who won the war after the Fascist bungling.

The present war, too, has revealed the Blackshirts in their true colours, for all the world saw their commander, General Bergonzoli, run away at Bardia, leaving his men to be captured, while in other fields Fascist generals have had to be replaced by properly trained officers.

How could all this be otherwise when we consider the privileges given to the Blackshirt Militia? These incompetents receive a higher rate of pay, which they draw all the year round whether on duty or not, for they are permitted to live at home and conduct businesses of their own, turning out in their jackboots when they wish to impress their neighbours. Pretending to be defenders of the State, they are Mussolini's party jackals, bolstering up his power by bullying and boasting.

Friction

Even in high places privilege has led to corruption, and, as all the world knows, temptation is ever at the elbow of an army official placed in charge of supplies and contracts. It may be that the lack of preparation for the Albanian campaign may be partly due to this greed of party chiefs to do well out of the war, however much of it is due to the fact that the heart of the regular army and the people is not in the war. It is whispered that Mussolini delayed his declaration of war owing to friction between his two armies.

The Fascist monster created by Mussolini is, in fact, rapidly destroying that unity of Italy which Garibaldi and his liberators, with the help of all free peoples, created about a century ago. Garibaldi, the sailor's son, made Italy a nation; it would appear that the blacksmith's son Mussolini has unmade it.

The Motorist at the Crossing

The horrible slaughter on our highways has moved the Minister for Transport to vehement language, and has led to condemnation both of callous motorists and rash pedestrians.

But, writes an experienced motoring reader of the C.N., there is another aspect of which notice is not taken. During the hour before the blackout motorists travelling outwards from London drive unchecked at the maddest speeds to avoid lighting-up.

Many of the regular police have joined the Forces, and their successors take little note of traffic. It is a fact that pedestrian crossings are often disregarded. The other day one of our women readers was held up for nearly ten minutes at one of these crossings while traffic roared by. Two policemen on the opposite side of the road raised no finger to aid her.

JACK HOLLANDS

Many C.N. readers will remember with much sympathy the interest we took in the case of little Jack Hollands, who lived at Wylve in Wiltshire.

We are glad to say that the brave little lad, who bore his illness with great fortitude for years, received much help from our readers, and that his last years were made happier by this kindness.

We are now asked to say that the boy died some years ago, and no further help on his behalf is therefore needed.

War & Population

In peace our population was in practical decline. In war it is in actual decline, as the following sad figures testify.

In England and Wales, in 126 great towns, the births in the week ending January 11 were 5418, while the deaths were 7251. In Greater London the births were 1113 and the deaths 2160.

The Immortal Trolls

WHEN the far-roving Iceland sailor Bjorn Eimarsson Jorsalafer was making his hazardous voyages during the 14th century from Iceland to Norway and from Norway to anywhere that was boisterous and northerly he and his fellows had not quite made up their minds about the true character of the Eskimos.

The Earth-Spirits

Bjorn and his men called them trolls, or earth-spirits, gnomes dwelling in the ground, who might be very loyal and faithful, or the exact reverse. Eskimos were certainly not human to the Iceland Vikings, who were now devout Christians.

History repeated itself with him, and in 1385, like many another Icander, he found his four tiny ships blown away in a gale as he was returning from Norway to Iceland with his wife and friends. Instead of dropping anchor in Iceland waters that year he was swept on to the eastern coast of Greenland. Food shortage presented an immediate crisis, relieved first by the capture of a bear and a walrus that were engaged in a death-grapple on the coast, and next by a whale that was slain.

But Bjorn's greatest luck came from his rescue of two "trolls," who were tide-bound on a skerry, caught unawares on a rocky islet by the swell of rising waters. The trolls were a young Eskimo and his sister. Instead of killing them as vicious spirits Bjorn saved them as human beings, and, as human beings, they swore fidelity to him.

In the delightful simplicity of its language the old Icelandic record tells us that what the troll girl liked best was when Solveig, the mistress of the

house, allowed her to carry and play with her newly-born baby.

The troll girl fell in love with more than the baby, however; she, who had never worn more than chewed hide, was greatly attracted to Solveig's linen hood. There was no duplicate for her, so the troll girl made one from the entrails of a whale! Then she felt a queen of troll girls.

Timber is hard to come by in Greenland, for driftwood is not suitable for ship-repairing, and that, we must suppose, is the reason for the dashing Bjorn having to remain two years. But during all that time he and his lacked nothing, thanks to the skill and the enthusiasm of the adoring brother and sister.

At last everything was repaired and ready and stores and all aboard; but what of the brother and sister? We do not know why Bjorn decided not to take them with him, for they loved him and Solveig and Solveig's boy. In all likelihood their fate would have been hard in intolerant Iceland.

Left Behind

Perhaps he thought they would regain their native haunts and be happier with their own people. Whatever the cause, Bjorn and Solveig bade them farewell, hoisted sail, and set out to sea.

The brother and sister watched sadly from the top of a cliff, and then, when it was certain that the white people whom they worshipped were really leaving them for all time, together they sprang from the precipice into the sea and perished.

A scholar who saw the beauty of this story wrote it down, so that the two trolls live immortal in memory, though we know not even their names.

COOK IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY

Houswives are urged now more than ever to do their utmost to economise in cooking and to bestow exceptional thought and care to make meals palatable as well as nutritious.

Always ready to make fun over our own efforts, we in this country pretend that cooking has become a lost art, and that our ancestresses were perfect cooks. But there was evidently the same sort of censure current in the days of Queen Elizabeth, for Joseph Hall, born in her reign and Bishop of Norwich under James the First, has a special section on bad cooking in a book he published in 1607 describing an imaginary world.

In it he shows that any cook who spoilt food in its preparation for table was tied to a stake beside which was hung meat half-raw or half-burnt, and there remained a prisoner until someone came who would eat the offending meat.

Moscow Transforms Waste Into Beauty

The transformation of the marshland of a small and shallow tributary of the Moscow River into a waterway for launches and barges has been one of the extensive improvements of the Russian capital in recent years.

This river, the Yauza, has been widened to 82 feet and deepened to over eight feet so that craft up to 74 feet long may use it. A canal over two miles long now links the Yauza with the famous Moscow-Volga Canal, which gives Moscow access by water to both the Baltic and the Caspian Seas.

Over five million cubic feet of concrete have been used in lining the banks of the river during the past two years, twelve miles of road have been constructed along it, and three of its eight bridges completed.

The new roads and squares along the attractive waterway, with a park, are being planted with trees, and will change what was waste marshland a year or two ago into a pleasant resort for the growing population of this famous city.

EYE AND EAR

It seems that the eye impresses us more than the ear.

A Yorkshire billeting officer who has had much experience in trying to find homes for evacuees has been telling us of his difficulties in the early days of the war. Time after time he asked people he knew to be kindly if they would take one or two children, only to receive polite refusals. He began to think that human nature was very callous.

But it seems that the Nazis have worked a transformation. As soon as the newspapers began to publish pictures of bombed areas, showing ruined houses, homeless children, and groups of people who had lost everything, doors were opened wide.

From this we may perhaps conclude, not that human nature is careless or cruel or indifferent, but that what we see impresses us more than what we hear.

Fifty Wonders of Animal Life

We gave not long ago *Fifty Facts About You*. We begin this week a new series: *Fifty Wonderful Facts About Animal Life*, believing they will interest our readers.

1. The Nest of Air Bubbles

The male Paradise fish (Macropodus) rises to the top of the water, sucks in a mouthful of air, and while he holds it in his mouth makes a kind of a bladder of a sticky substance; he then lets the bubble escape to the surface. He does this again and again till there is quite a big floating raft of bubbles sticking together. Then a number of female fishes, one after another, deposit their eggs, which rise and stick to the underside of the raft, the male fish remaining beside them as a guard till they hatch out.

2. A Spider's Children on a String

The children of a black spider in the New England States are carried about by their mother on her back, but at the first alarm each young spider jumps from the mother's back, and all go off in different directions. But first each is attached by a silken thread, and by means of these apron-strings the children find their way back when the danger has passed.

3. How the Bee Seals Up a Moth

Sometimes the death's-head moth makes its way into a beehive to steal the honey. The bees attack it and sting it to death. It is too heavy for them to drag it out of the hive, and if it remains as it is it will decay and infect the hive. So they make for it a tomb of wax, and hermetically seal it up.

4. The Insect That Throws a Pebble

When a stone falls into its shaft the ant lion tries to hurl it out by a side motion of its body. If this fails the stone, often twice its own weight, is rolled on to the insect's back, is balanced there, and gradually pushed down toward the end of its tail. Finally, by a muscular effort, the tail is jerked upward, and the pebble sent flying, as from a catapult, several inches from the pitfall. Sometimes the pebble is too heavy, but the creature has been watched trying to hurl it more than a hundred times.

5. Little Hippo's Ride

The hippopotamus, an excellent swimmer, often takes its young for a ride on its back. The mother sinks out of sight with only its eyes and nostrils above water, and as it drifts downstream the little pink hippo, really a giant of a baby, appears to be floating on the surface like one of those balloon animals.

6. The Fish That Carries Its Eggs About

The aspredo, a South American fish, after laying its eggs attaches them to its body and fins by means of little horny stalks, and travels about with these dangling from it till they hatch out into young fish.

7. Birds Born Underground

The malco, a bird of the Celebes, buries its eggs several feet deep in the sand along

the beach, and then cunningly destroys its tracks to the eggs. The eggs are finally hatched by the heat of the sun, and the young birds dig their way to the surface and fly away.

8. The Chain of Builders

A common ant of tropical Asia and Africa (*Oecophylla smaragdina*) builds a nest by pulling together leaves and binding them firmly to each other. If in clamping the leaves the space separating the edges is too wide for one ant to manage, other workers form a chain, each grasping the body of its neighbour until the last on one side holds a leaf in its mandibles, while the last on the other side grasps a leaf with its claws. Thus, all drawing together, the breach is closed and spun over. Then the whole is overspun with a compact silk web, made waterproof, and divided into connected living-rooms.

9. The Ants That Keep a Garden

The parasol ants clip out pieces of leaf about the size of a sixpence and carry them like parasols in a procession to their homes. There they cut them up very fine and, placing them in great rounded chambers as large as a man's head, connected with one another by tunnels, make them into a mass. A fungus grows on this material, and this the ants eat. When the manuring property of the leafy matter is exhausted and will grow no more fungus the chamber is deserted.

10. The Frog That Builds a House

One of the largest of the Brazilian tree-frogs builds a circular mud enclosure in the shallow margins of ponds to protect her eggs and tadpoles. When this nest is completed both parents remain near by to keep an eye on it.

11. A Caterpillar and Its Carpet

The young caterpillar of the puss moth, which feeds on the upper surface of the glossy leaves of sawlow, willow, and poplar, spins a carpet of silk on the leaf, in which the hooks of its feet may catch, and so enable it to feed without being jerked off by the wind.

12. A Crab and Its Head-Lamps

Some of the deep-sea crabs have phosphorescent eyes, the tips of the stalked eyes being like balls of fire. In some the eyes have totally lost their proper functions, and assumed those of phosphorescent organs.

13. A Wasp That Has a Lock-Up Shop

Some of the miner wasps, while excavating a burrow, live in the vestibule and pass the night there. But the *Ammophila sabulosa* does not. She has a lock-up shop. When her work is over for the day she shuts up shop by stopping the entrance with a small stone, and goes away for the night.

BEDTIME CORNER

Now the Day is Over

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Fall across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep;
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night
watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my head.

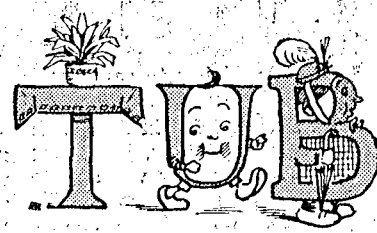
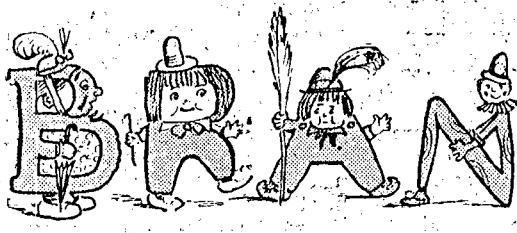
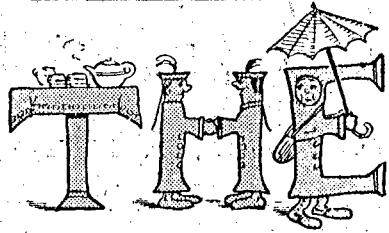
When the morning wakens
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
While all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould

REMEMBER, O Lord, this night all who have worked today that we might have food and happiness and rest. Give them strength that they may continue their labours, growing our food, making our clothes, bringing our letters, carrying the things we need about the world. Make us grateful to all who help to make life possible for us, doing the heavy work of the world, and give us grace that we, too, may help to bear one another's burdens. For Jesu's sake. Amen.





NO TIME

MR WHITE: Who were you talking to at the door? She kept you standing there for over half an hour.

Mrs White: It was only Mrs Black calling to leave a message for us. She said she hadn't time to come in.

Indian Proverbs

THE hasty are demented in sense. Train a boy strictly, a girl kindly.

Whom will he help that does not help his mother?

Quietness is worth much gold.

The coward blames his weapon.

Other Words Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mercury is in the south-west, Jupiter and Saturn are close together in the south, and Uranus is in the south-east. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, February 16.

Hidden Birds

IN each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a well-known bird.

Nobody could be expected to cook anything well in this old oven. That boy will certainly grow like his father.

The drummers and pipers were playing an inspiring march.

Gerald helped the fishermen haul in nets full of fish.

We are going to buy a house now; rents are too expensive.

If you can stay to tea, let me know as soon as possible.

Answer next week.

How Captain Cook Wrote His Name

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, a Yorkshireman, is one of the finest figures in English naval history, for he became the greatest explorer of the Pacific by sheer merit. The son of a farm labourer, he entered the Navy as a seaman; but only four years later he was commanding a ship. His name will always be associated with New Zealand, the coast of which he explored, while he also helped to tell the world about Australia. He was killed by savages in Hawaii on February 14, 1779, when little more than fifty. This is how he wrote his name:

James Cook

THE PUBLISHER POLITE

A Japanese publishing house announced its books in this way:

READERS will find the under-mentioned advantages at our house of business:

1. The price is cheap as in a lottery.

2. The printing as clear as crystal.

3. The books as elegant as an opera singer.

4. The paper as strong as the hide of an elephant.

5. The books forwarded as quick as the shot of a gun.

6. Parcels treated with as much care as that expended by a loving wife on her husband.

A Painful Ending

YOU never hear the bee complain, Or hear it weep or wail;

But if it wish it can unfold A very painful tail.

What a Tear is Made of

AN analysis of a human tear shows that it contains 984 parts of water and almost sixteen parts of salt. In addition there are tiny traces of albuminoids, organic matter, and sulphates and phosphates. As far as can be discovered, tears do not vary whatever the cause of their coming may be.

THE UP-TO-DATE MOLE

SAID a clever and businesslike mole:

"I will burrow until I strike coal: Then my mining rights I Will persuade folks to buy, And in riches thenceforward I'll roll!"

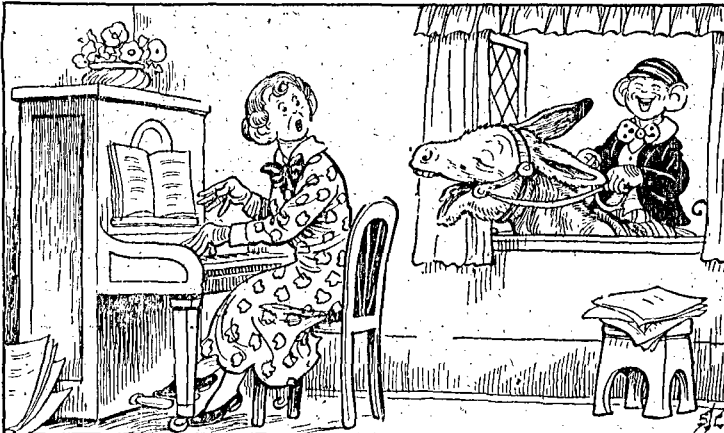
A Diphthiculty Overcome

One day there was a mishap in the office of a local paper, and the next number contained this notice:

THE proprietors of the Free Press regret to inform their phaitphul readers that the curious appearance of this issue is due to an unphortunate accident in our printing department. One of our assistants had a mishap with our letter ephs, all of which were destroyed. We phound that it was too late phor us to obtain a phresh supply in time phor this issue, so we were therephore phorced to phall back on "ph" and "v," which may be ephphective but not beautiphul.

No doubt our phriends will phorgive our shortcomings this week when we assure them that we shall not phail to appear in our usual phorm in phuture.

Jacko Adds to the Fun



BIG Sister Belinda, her mother used to say, had a beautiful singing voice. Neddy, with a little gentle persuasion from Jacko, admired it so much that he joined in the concert. You never heard such a noise!

Ici on Parle Français

A Robin in a Pit

An engine-driver working at the bottom of a colliery shaft was surprised to see a little robin hopping merrily along in the darkness. He picked it up, and put it into a jar with a supply of food and water. The robin had been caught in the current of air drawn to the pit, which is 1800 feet deep.

After the day's work was over the engine-driver ascended the pit, taking the robin with him. Then the little bird was released, and flew up into the air, quite happy and none the worse for its adventure.

Un Rouge-gorge dans une Mine

Un mécanicien, travaillant au fond du puits d'une mine, fut surpris de voir un petit rouge-gorge sautillant gaiement dans l'obscurité. Il le ramassa et le mit dans une cruche avec de quoi manger et boire. Le rouge-gorge avait été emporté par le courant d'air amené à la mine, qui a 1800 pieds de profondeur.

Sa journée finie, le mécanicien remonta à la surface, emportant le rouge-gorge. Puis, le petit oiseau fut remis en liberté et s'envola parfaitement heureux, n'ayant pas souffert de son aventure.

A MONEY PROBLEM

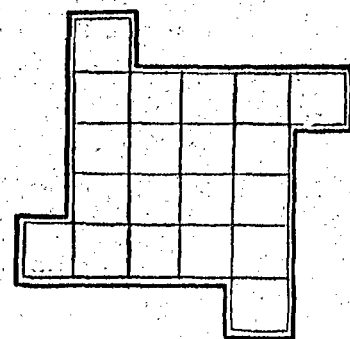
A MAN had thirty-five shillings, made up of five half-crowns, four florins, and twenty-nine sixpences, and he decided to divide the sum equally between his two sons.

He found that he could give each of them the same amount and the same number of coins.

What coins did the boys receive? Answer next week.

Separating the Prisoners

IN a certain European country twenty men were imprisoned in a fortress, the cells of which are represented by this drawing. There



were four English, four French, four German, four Russian, and four Italian prisoners.

They were so placed that none of them had one of his own countrymen in an adjoining cell. How was this done? Answer next week.

Do You Live in Coventry?

THIS name has nothing to do with a convent, but was originally spelt Cofantreo, which is old English for the tree by the cave or chamber.

No doubt in the early days the site of this city was marked by some tall or outstanding tree that grew near a cave, and when a settlement of people occurred there the place was called after the tree.

A Great Idea

A WELL-KNOWN scientist had given a lecture in which he mentioned that many of the most important scientific discoveries were the result of pure accident.

As he left the lecture hall the scientist met a lady who told him that she quite believed what he had said because she had once made a great discovery herself.

"Indeed, madam, I should like to hear about it," he said.

"Well," said the lady, "I discovered, quite accidentally, that if you keep an ink-pot handy you can use a fountain-pen just as easily as an ordinary one, and, what is more, you don't have the mess and trouble of filling it."

THE YOUNG GARDENER'S LESSON

I've a jolly little garden

That's my very own; but, oh,

I've discovered it's not easy

To get pleasant things to grow.

Once I planted seeds of sun-

flower,

And I thought my task was done,

But the weeds shot up like giants

Twixt the sunflowers and the

sun.

Now I'm going to plant some

wallflowers,

And I've bought a splendid hoe,

And if weeds start interfering

I shall quickly lay them low.

That's the lesson I've been

learning,

And I don't intend at all

To allow a weed to flourish

Twixt the wallflowers and the

wall!

Who Is He?

A SMALL boy was seated in a room in the angle formed by two of the walls. He had brought with him something which he liked very much, and with great glee he started to eat it. He used neither knife nor fork, but took from the dish some fruit with his hand. This was bad enough, but, to make matters worse, he actually congratulated himself upon his bad manners.

Answer next week.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading. Here are the ten games mentioned by Shakespeare: Leap frog (Henry V. 2), whipping top (Love's Labour's Lost. 3), cards (King John. 2), quintain (As You Like It. 2), nine men's morris (Midsummer Night's Dream), billiards (Antony and Cleopatra. 2), Morris dancing (Henry V. 4), quoits (2 Henry IV. 4), bowls (Richard II. 4), football (Comedy of Errors. 1).

Lewis Carroll's

Anagram

Now, I think

No, with ink. With

no kin. Hint, I

know. Think I won.

An Enigma

A note

Behatted Word

Usage, sage, age

END TERSE

SERF TAPE

SAYER PAL

AT ROBIN

Y BROAD S

TRYST WA

ORE TONAL

DEAL NEST

DEMON WHY

MOTHERS LEARN VALUE OF 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

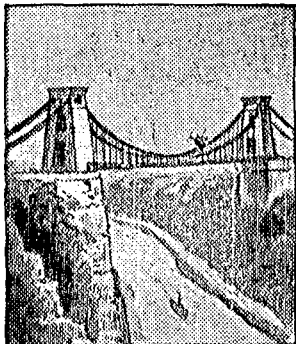
Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about the many uses of 'Milk of Magnesia'.

This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic. As a mild laxative it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments.

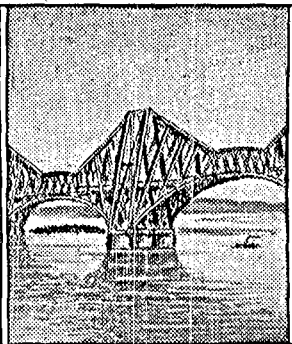
A teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia' does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds.

Obtainable everywhere in two sizes. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

C N STRIP



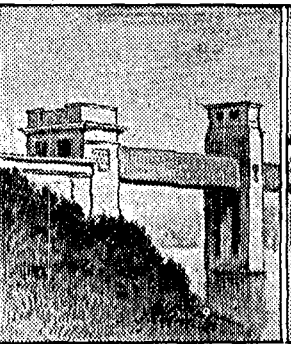
Suspension



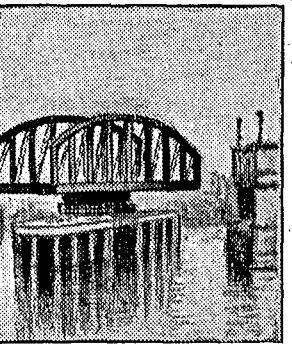
Cantilever



Bascule



Tubular



Swing

FIVE KINDS OF BRIDGES

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